

## **Patti Smith**

# **"The Wicked Messenger"**

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There was a wicked messenger, from Eli he did come  
With a mind that multiplied the smallest matter  
When questioned who had sent for him, he answered  
with his thumb  
For his tongue it could not speak, but only flatter

He stayed behind the assembly hall, it was there he  
made his bed  
Oftentimes he could be seen returning  
Until one day he just appeared with a note in his hand,  
which read  
"The soles of my feet, I swear they're burning"

Oh, the leaves began to fallin' and the seas began to  
part  
And the people that confronted him were many  
And he was told but these few words, which opened up  
his heart  
"If ye cannot bring good news, then don't bring any"

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